

In the great school-room, while the children are studying with eyes fixed on their books, the master looks at them.

He regards these young faces attentively, the flaxen heads bent at their work, & such thoughts as their faces through his mind:

"Children, you are my young family, my family by adoption, ~~as~~ as which is renewed every year; assembled around me to-day, you will be dispersed for the most part at the end of the year. But, near or far, my heart will follow you.

You do not understand, dear children confided to my care, how much your master loves you. Often you see him look at you with an eye & little frown; often to raise his voice & reprove you; sometimes he is obliged to punish you. And, you little imagine all the time how much affection there is for you in his heart.

"Why has your master studied long, read many books, learnt many difficult matters? and why does he still labour? Is it not for you?"

"Is it not necessary to love children before one can say to one self: I will pass my life in instructing them; I will make myself a child to better know them understand what I have to teach them; their momentary fidelities, their inconstancy, even their ungratefulness, nothing shall discourage me.

"Yes, my children, I love you. I love in you your families, of which you are the joy; I love in you your country, of which you are the hope.

"Unknown I live, unknown I shall die, but if I can implant in your spirits principles of truth & generosity, this will be to me the sweetest reward, the highest honour. Then I shall be no more, when, proud as you will forget, perhaps, the teacher of you

your youth, something of him will remain in you  
 which you never dream. When you read, he the  
 now teaches you to read will still have some share  
 in you; & when you write to those far friends  
 your hand will still have a part in your work; when  
 you think of your duties, of your country which  
 looks to you for its prosperity, your master shall  
 have his part in these generous thoughts with  
 which he ~~has~~ inspired your childhood. No, I  
 shall not die entirely. You shall live again  
 in you.

"Children, your master loves you, he will love you  
 always; what does he ask of you in exchange?  
 Nothing more than a little attention to his words, a  
 little respect for his lessons, and if you have a  
 heart, a little affection for him."

As the master thus moved his heart was filled with  
 most ~~kind~~ common kindness toward his young  
 charge.

A pupil who was shortly to leave the school, who had  
 always been amongst the first, having finished  
 his task before the others, stopped, & with a thoughtful  
 countenance, looked at his master.

Then, as if their thoughts answered to one to the  
 other, the child began to think that he would soon be  
 leaving the familiar school-room, his comrades  
 & his master. A feeling of gratitude was in  
 him, he said: "May heaven ~~do~~ for my return  
 to my master all that he has done for me!"

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### Pestalozzi.

No one has shown greater love for the young, nor  
 one has sacrificed more for their instruction than  
 Pestalozzi, who was the teacher in our school.  
 His reforms of the greatest importance.  
 Born at Zurich in Switzerland, in 1746, Pestalozzi

26p. 3me 33

early learnt from his mother to have but one heart,  
to make himself useful to his fellows, especially  
to those who suffered. Searching to find a remedy  
for the miseries of the people, he set himself, in  
the first place to the study of jurisprudence, in  
the hope of discovering some useful reform in  
the laws which should diminish misery. But  
he was not slow to be convinced that the best  
remedy is in the enlightenment of the people  
rather than in change of laws.

"Alas! might have the most perfect laws," said he, "that would not be enough; the future of the nation is in the schools; it is the schools which must be reformed."

A new light broke in upon him: he resolved to become a schoolmaster.

"Noble profession," cried he, "perhaps the most beautiful of all; I make my choice fit. I will surround myself with children; I will instruct them; I will love them, & by so doing I shall win for myself more happiness than if I occupied a high position in the State."

Full of this generous purpose he gathered together some eighty poor children, homeless, & friendless, and abandoned to beggary. "I will give you," he said to them, "by instructing you the means of gaining an honest livelihood."

And he led them to an <sup>property</sup> ~~estate~~ which he had purchased with a view to the reformation of the place into a school. He fed & taught these little ones. As none paid him for his work, he had soon spent the little fortune which he possessed. But his new method of education was so attractive, his heart so generous, his efforts so persevering, that he had succeeded in transforming into reasonable beings & hundreds of vagabond children, born & reared in vice.

His fortune was ruined it is true, but his method of education had succeeded, & he felt himself richer than before.



It is his method, in fact, which is followed, this day in most schools, at home abroad; it is thanks to him that study has become easier, softer & attractive for the children.

Instead of being discouraged at the loss of his patrimony, Pestalozzi found means to establish new schools, always with the same success. He was not without his enemies; men, jealous of his success, desiring to injure him, pretended that he did not know how to write, nor to calculate, nor even to read with ease. And he, in his beautiful modesty, said: "I have, in fact, forgotten all these things, yet is precisely the need of this knowledge which induces me to invent the most simple method of teaching for those who are the most ignorant."

For those who are the most ignorant, however, gathered from all parts in order to visit the schools of which they had heard such marvellous accounts, to see the extraordinary man who directed them. Those who were present at the examinations could not contain their surprise on seeing the rapid progress of the pupils in the different branches of various studies. But the freest treat was to hear Pestalozzi himself question & teach. It seemed a very simple matter to do as he did, but everybody knew that in his very simplicity lay the difficulty. The children learnt without perceiving that they were at work.

If Pestalozzi became famous, he certainly did not become rich; so far from <sup>it</sup> that, all that he possessed he spent on the children. He died, very poor, as he had lived, in 1827.

"My life," said he to one of his friends, "has been, during thirty years, a struggle against misery, almost <sup>absolute</sup> ~~absolute~~ want; even now, I can never go into society, because

knolly well in Latin & Greek - better, I believe, than I should have done if I had been at a first-rate school myself; & I hope I did the boys some good, & taught some of them that learning was not the best quality to start in life with. And I was not often very unhappy, for I could always look forward to my holiday with my father.

"However, soon that I was never better pleased than on Christmas, when the Vicar came over to our Cottage, & brought with him a letter from the Principal of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, appointing me to a curacy ship. My father was even more delighted than I, & we had a merry evening over the news. The Vicar took occasion, in the course of the evening, to hint that it was only poor men who took those places at the University, & that I might find some inconveniences, & suffer some annoyances, by not being in exactly the same position as other men. But my dear old father could not hear of it; I was now going to be amongst the very pick of English gentlemen - what could it matter whether I had money or not?"

"I went to the door with the Vicar, who told me to come & see him in the morning. I half guessed what he wanted to see me for. He knew all my father's affairs perfectly well, & wished to prepare me for what was coming in the evening. 'Your father,' he said, 'is one of the most liberal men I ever met; he is almost the only person who gives anything to the schools & other charities in this parish; & he gives to the utmost. You would not wish, I know, to cut off these gifts, which bring the highest reward with them, when they are made in the spirit in which he makes them. Then he is getting old, & you would never like him to deny himself the comforts (few enough they are) which he is used to.'

226p6mc23

to. He has nothing but his half pay to live on; & out of that he pays £50 a year for insurance; for he has insured his life, that you may have something beside the cottage & the land when he dies. Don't let you miss that you may know the facts beforehand. I am sure that you would never take a penny from him if you could help it. But he won't be happy unless he makes you some allowance & he can spare you £40 a year without crippling himself. Now you will not be able to live properly upon that up at Bedford, even as a servant. I speak to you now, Jack, as your oldest friend, & you must allow me the privilege of an old friend. I have more than I want, & I propose to make up your allowance at Bedford to £50 a year, without letting your father know. You see what I mean?"

"I remember almost every word for word what the Vicar said; for it is not often in one's life that one meets with this sort of friend. At first I thanked him, but refused to take any thing from him. I had saved enough, I said, to carry me through Bedford. But he would not be put off; & I found that his heart was as much set on making me an allowance himself as on saving my father. So I agreed to take £25 a year from him.

"Thus we met again in the evening when my father's visits, it was as good as a play to see the dear old man, with his spectacles on his nose before him, proving in some wonderful way that he could easily allow me at least £50 or £60 a year; it was very hard work to convince him that I should want no more than £40. But at last it was settled, & for the next three weeks we were all busy with the preparations for my start.

"And now I have told you how it came to pass that two years ago last October I came to Bedford as a servant."

From Tom Brown at Bedford.